THE
NATION

FEBRUARY 27, 1960 . . 25c

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QUARRELS OVER UNDERGROUND TESTING

Why We Walked Out at Geneva

Edward Gamarekian

JETS and JOBS

Labor's Stake in the Arms Budget

Clive Jenkins

GAMBLING, THE LEGAL VICE

Elijah Adlow

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LETTERS

Problem of Problems

Dear Sirs: May I express both agreement with, and compliments to, *The Nation* for J. David Singer's article, "Surprise Attack," in your Jan. 30 issue? If we don't solve this problem, we may never have the opportunity to solve any others (either wisely or foolishly)!

ANN HUBBELL

Ypsilanti, Mich.

What We Don't Know

Dear Sirs: In his article, "Surprise Attack" (*The Nation,* January 30), Mr. Singer seems to have forgotten . . . that the Communists do not want peace. A violent overthrow of all existing orders is necessary if communism is to be a success. Khrushchev knows this and the person who will succeed him knows it. Only we don't know it. All this gibberish about open skies, radar systems, etc., means nothing to the Communists. When they feel the time is right to strike, they will strike, regardless of any agreements that may be made.

BARRY GREENBERG

Stanford, Calif.

A Lincoln Anniversary

Dear Sirs: On February 27, 1860, Abraham Lincoln spoke in New York, for the first time, at Cooper Union. The President stressed the serious problem of slavery, but few among his audience, few indeed among the whole people of the country, were aware of what the next ten years would bring: a devastating, fratricidal war; bloody draft riots; the ruin of large sections of the country; the tragic death of the President himself. "Neither side expected this war!" as Lincoln was later to say, in his Second Inaugural Address.

So much for 1860. What about the 1960s? Surely, the hundredth anniversary of Mr. Lincoln's New York speech gives us something to think about. The constant menace of global missile war seems to cause us no concern. No one bothers to consider that perhaps our attitude towards one another ought to be more understanding, more compassionate . . . lest catastrophe overtake us all. And surely we ought—as Lincoln did—to live by, and depend on, the motto "In God we trust."

WINTHROP STEELE

New York City

Delightful Debate . . .

Dear Sirs: Congratulations and thanks for publishing Mr. Howard Nemerov's poem, "Debate with the Rabbi," in *The Nation* of February 13. It is witty, provoking and wholly delightful.

JACOB M. FRANKEL

New York City

. . . or Bad Poetry, Poor Taste

Dear Sirs: Nemerov's "Debate with the Rabbi" was not only bad poetry, poor taste and undignified, but bordered on being anti-Semitic as well. . . .

J. I. FISHBEIN

Chicago, Ill. *The Sentinel*

The charge that Mr. Nemerov's poem is anti-Semitic is so absurd that it deserves no comment. We refer readers to the work itself, in the issue of February 13. — THE EDITORS.

Peekskill Pattern

Dear Sirs: I came across the following news item recently:

> Seven Peekskill football players who lost a close game Saturday and showed their resentment by throwing rocks at a bus carrying their opponents, were expelled from Peekskill High School for their lack of sportsmanship.

This is not the first time Peekskillians have thrown rocks at football players. World War II was not long over when I heard that Paul Robeson, whose football prowess is well known, was to sing at Peekskill. He had tried to sing there before and both he and his audience had been assaulted by hundred per cent "patriots." Suddenly it seemed to me that the four years I had spent in the Army would be wasted if a man couldn't sing at Peekskill because his skin was not the right color, or because his beliefs were different from those of most people. After all, my religious beliefs are different from most people's and hadn't I attended Yom Kippur services in 1945 in Germany in spite of Hitler and the whole *Wehrmacht?* I went to Peekskill.

The rest of the story you know. The people of Peekskill threw rocks at us. . . .

The parents of the Peekskill High School students must have been bewildered at the expulsion of their sons, for had not the sons simply followed the precepts of their fathers? After all, the children had merely thrown the stones; it was the fathers who had collected them.

ABRAHAM I. BEACHER, M.D.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Ticket to Justice

Dear Sirs: One of the many problems we face today is that of providing funds for the maintenance of the governmental structure. This reader has a modest proposal to make: Sell tickets to trials.

It wasn't long ago that tickets were sold to hangings and visits to insane

(*Continued on page 189*)

In This Issue

EDITORIALS

177 ●

ARTICLES

179 ● Quarrels Over Underground Testing: Why We Walked Out at Geneva
by EDWARD GAMAREKIAN

182 ● Jets and Jobs: Labor's Stake in the Arms Budget
by CLIVE JENKINS

185 ● Gambling, the Legal Vice
by ELIJAH ADLOW

187 ● Mission to Somozaland
by JAMES L. BUSEY

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

190 ● A Man with a Grievance
by FRANK O'CONNOR

190 ● Another Ballade (poem)
by GALWAY KINNELL

191 ● The Revolutionary Century
by BRUCE MAZLISH

192 ● Making It Hot
by NELSON ALGREN

193 ● Second Impressions
by ROBERT M. WALLACE

194 ● Theatre
by HAROLD CLURMAN

194 ● Koré (poem)
by ROBERT CREELEY

195 ● Architecture
by WALTER McQUADE

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 196)
by FRANK W. LEWIS

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor
Robert Hatch, Books and the Arts

Harold Clurman, Theatre
Maurice Grosser, Art
M. L. Rosenthal, Poetry
Lester Trimble, Music

Alexander Werth, European Correspondent

Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

The Nation, Feb. 27, 1960. Vol. 190. No. 9

The Nation published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by The Nation Company and copyright 1960, in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Price Domestic—One year $8, Two years $14, Three Years $20. Additional postage per year, Foreign $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs, Information Service, Dramatic Index.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1960
VOLUME 190, No. 9

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Look Homeward Adlai

An encouraging aspect of this first trial heat of the campaign is that elements of the Democratic Party are beginning to exhibit a strong if belated sense that peace is the key issue. The four active campaigners — Senators Kennedy, Johnson, Humphrey and Symington — continue to stress other issues and are united in their criticism of the Administrator's cutbacks in the defense program. But elsewhere a new wind is blowing.

Governor G. Mennen Williams has mapped a ten-point "plan for peace" based on the reports of a conference of experts which he initiated. The plan is a good one: *1.* Continued aid to underdeveloped countries, "not by way of bribes to stack U.N. ballot boxes but to promote human dignity"; *2.* Adoption of a new policy toward China and recognition of Red China "in the not too distant future"; *3.* Strengthening those international institutions which promote peace; *4.* A greater readiness to negotiate political questions that create friction among nations; *5.* A nuclear test ban to be followed by, *6.* Cutting off production of fissionable material for weapon purposes and ultimate liquidation of nuclear-weapons stockpiles; *7.* Improvement of methods to prevent surprise attack, including international inspection (Dr. J. David Singer — see "Surprise Attack," *The Nation*, January 30 — was one of the Governor's consultants); *8.* Steps to prevent limited as well as all-out war; *9.* Economic planning to parallel progress in weapons disarmament; *10.* Formation of a full-time national peace agency.

Governor Robert B. Meyner of New Jersey has also joined the ranks of those who feel that peace is the key issue in the 1960 campaign. His speech at the Democratic State Committee's $100-a-plate dinner in New York was greeted with stunned silence by the assembled fat cats and officeholders and was almost ignored by the press. All the same it was a headline speech. In much the same manner the press has ignored Senator Joseph S. Clark's recent speech favoring negotiations with China and looking toward ultimate recognition, strong pleas for disarmament by Senators Morse, Clark and Gruening, and Rep. Clem Miller's (D. Calif.) resolution, supported by twenty-one Democratic Congressmen, to extend the moratorium on nuclear tests at least until the end of the year.

Unfortunately any number of voices, no matter how persuasive they may be, will fail to constitute a chorus if the press and the mass media generally choose to ignore them. For a fair test the politics of peace requires a spokesman who can command national attention, preferably a statesman as well as a politician. At the moment the man who, on his record, best meets this specification is touring South America. If Adlai Stevenson agrees with the growing number of Democratic leaders who now see that peace is the issue, he should hurry home and join with them in freeing their party from the paralyzing grip of the cold warriors.

The Pentagon Wills It

If asked what is holding up an agreement on nuclear test suspension, nine and a half Americans out of ten would reply that it is the possibility of evasion by the Russians. The remaining fractional American might be more skeptical of the Pentagon propaganda which is his daily nutriment. If evasion were the issue, the United States position would be that we refuse to make an agreement which lacks firm guarantees, but for our part we shall not resume testing. Thus we should be deferring to world opinion and reducing the risk of a future nuclear war which — rather than the contamination of the atmosphere by testing — is the paramount consideration.

But this is not the issue at all; the real logic of our position, as it emerges in Edward Gamarekian's article on page 179 of this issue, is simply a determination to resume testing. Such is the will of the Pentagon and its will is what will be done, under the earth if not in heaven. On the NBC television program, "The Open Mind," broadcast on February 7, Dr. Hugh C. Wolfe, who knows as much about these things as anyone, pointed out that American objections would not be relieved if the Russians came up with a detection system ten times better than anything heretofore known. The reason he gave was that "there are people in the Atomic Energy Commission and in the Pentagon who are awfully anxious to continue the American program of nuclear weapons development involving the setting off of small nuclear explosions. And these people have always been opposed to any kind of agreement with the Soviet Union which would stop their program. They will continue to be opposed to it no matter how good the inspection system is. . . ." In the excellent book,

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Inspection for Disarmament, edited by Dr. Seymour Melman (Columbia University Press, 1958) the argument is clinched. "Let it be clear at the outset," Dr. Melman says, "that perfection cannot be guaranteed here, nor in any natural or social phenomenon. Indeed, foolproof and flawless reliability in inspection for disarmament is not only unattainable; it is not necessary for workability." Not even a foolproof and flawless typewriter has yet been invented. The Pentagon demands perfection, but it would be horrified if in this one field, contrary to all natural law, perfection were achieved. It has only one desire and that it will pursue to the death — literally.

A Miracle Is Wrought

Last week official Washington was shaken to its political foundations — headlines blazed, editorial big berthas boomed, Congressmen and Senators pounded tables — and all because an Air Force training manual was found to contain a more or less routine smear of the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A. as "Red infiltrated." Throughout the period of the cold war, smears of the National Council — a strong force for peace, the voice of American Protestantism — have been a common occurrence. The smears have been uniformly unfounded, malicious and calculated to injure; but they have escaped official rebuke. But the way in which the wires burned between the Pentagon and Lackland Air Force Base, Texas, last week augurs well for the political reflexes of the top brass in an election year which has echoed with discussions of religious issues. Elections have been known to bring out the worst in the best of us, but there are occasions, and this is one, in which the reverse of this proposition appears to be true.

Diamonds Are the Soviet's Best Friend

In the London *Observer* of January 24, "Mammon," not a god but a journalist, tells a diverting story. "Soviet diamonds," he writes, "will soon be on sale at Cartier's, and no one will be any the wiser, not even Cartier's." It marks the admittance of Soviet Russia into one of the most exclusive cartels in the capitalist world, and shows that really nothing divides East and West except trifling details.

The cartel is the Diamond Corporation of London and Kimberley, South Africa. It was founded by Sir Ernest Oppenheimer, with the backing of J. P. Morgan, in a series of operations beginning in 1917. The diamond business had been suffering from an overdose of free enterprise, with resulting price fluctuations, financial disorder and losses. Sir Ernest argued that the price of diamonds need not be determined by the law, or lawlessness, of supply and demand. He borrowed £2.5 million from the Rothschilds and proceeded to organize the unorganized, starting with the de Beers group of Southwest Africa. From then on, when the price of diamonds began to fall, the producers and brokers, by ironclad agreement, held onto their precious wares until the market recovered. Thus stability was maintained until, in 1954, the Soviet Ministry of Geology and Conservation of Mineral Deposits announced that "rich, scattered and concentrated" deposits of diamonds had been discovered in the Yakut Autonomous Republic. Here, obviously, was an opportunity for Soviet Man to disembowel his natural enemy, Cartel Man of the West. And, in fact, Soviet Man made some threatening noises, but then mysterious forces, or what the elder Morgan called "community of interest," prevailed. In January it was announced that "an exclusive agreement has been signed in London whereby all the diamonds from Soviet Russian production that the Soviet authorities wish to export for marketing in the Western world will be purchased by it [the Diamond Corporation] and sold through the Central Selling Organization of the de Beers Group of Companies." The Soviets will keep most of their diamonds, since they need about six million carats annually for industrial purposes, but there will also be Russian gems for de Beers customers and these, as "Mammon" points out, will be anonymous. "Women are born every day, and while women are born diamonds will be worn," "Mammon" quotes. And they don't care whose diamonds they wear, nor does Soviet Man care who wears them. The still unanswered question is when will Soviet Woman, driving bulldozers and performing appendectomies, insist on wearing those "Red stones" now being exported, for mere foreign exchange, to the Western world.

Goblin Time

Life (February 22) devoted one of its valuable pages to "Bewildering Appearance in Outer Space — U.S. Tracks Satellite That May Be A Spy." The only comfort *Life* could give was that the U.S. Air Force has a spy satellite of its own, Samos, in the works. But this counterspy is far from completion and *Life* was concerned by the "frightening possibility" that the Russians were already televising the United States in preparation for a nuclear massacre. Lt. Gen. James Gavin (Ret.) was frightened too. *Life* and Gavin were not alone; in the first two weeks of February, America's defenders, as well as those of our staunch ally Argentina, were having nightmares and rather enjoying it.

Besides the mystery satellite, which some crude scientists suggested was just some space "garbage," specifically the last stage of a Discoverer rocket, a "mystery aircraft" was seen traveling over Alaska at "tremendous speed." The Alaska Air Command, studying the situation, was confused by conflicting reports. "Some had it

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low and slow," the public information officer said. "Some had it high and fast." Somewhat earlier, the peaceful citizens of Los Angeles were disturbed by "rumbling reverberations" for which no one could account. Another reverberation occurred when Lt. Gen. Arthur G. Trudeau, the Army's chief of research, suffered what was described as a "slip of the tongue" during a movie-news conference on development of the famed futuristic nuclear defense weapon, Nike-Zeus. The slips of Trudeau, a talkative general, are more like glissades; in this instance he revealed that the warhead of an ICBM could be neutralized through employment of the neutron flux principle. The disclosure seems to have appalled the Pentagon, and resulted in an unwonted, though no doubt temporary, silence on the part of the general.

This dearth of decibels was more than made up in Golfo Nuevo, where the Argentine and American navies, in comradely collaboration, were hunting Russian submarines said to be lurking in the depths.

All in all, it was a fortnight to be remembered. As Senator Francis Case said, "This is the season of goblins. It's that time of year. Appropriation committees are at work to divide the pie of the federal treasury."

WHY WE WALKED OUT AT GENEVA

Quarrels Over Underground Testing.. *Edward Gamarekian*

AN EAST-WEST agreement on a nuclear test ban has not been brought any closer by President Eisenhower's proposal of February 11.

Although the Administration is proclaiming it a real step forward, the Soviet Union refuses to consider it. The plan would permit the testing of fairly large nuclear weapons underground and it has become apparent to everyone, including the Russians, that the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission and the Defense Department are eager to begin such tests as soon as possible. The underground tunnels are now being dug and the weapons readied.

The Russian argument is relatively simple—there is no logic in having a nuclear test ban that permits tests. The Russians insist that they will not agree to any proposal that permits tests of any size, anywhere.

Many Americans, on the other hand, fear that a total ban cannot be reliably policed at the present time because of the difficulty of distinguishing small explosions from earthquakes. What looks even more difficult is the detection of a weapon test that is intentionally concealed in a large underground hole. The Eisenhower proposal provides for a joint research program that should eventually make it possible to solve the underground detection problem.

In the meantime, however, the proposal would permit the United States to test new weapons. Those who want to resume testing say the Russians have a bad record on keeping agreements and would probably cheat if they could. Therefore, they argue, the U.S. itself must test in order to maintain its lead.

Although the Eisenhower Administration says it would agree to a total ban if there were a reliable way of detecting violations, the Atomic Energy Commission and the Defense Department seem more interested in showing that a test ban won't work than in trying to make one work. To illustrate, a group of scientists headed by the noted physicist Lloyd V. Berkner, after studying the problem of underground detection, came up with a set of recommendations last March which would have gone a long way toward solving this problem. However, nothing was done for nine months. After Khrushchev's visit, the prospects of an agreement brightened suddenly and caught us unprepared. The Defense Department hurriedly set up Project Vela to implement the recommendations of the Berkner panel, but little has been accomplished so far.

During this same period, however, the Atomic Energy Commission has carried on an energetic program to show how an explosion may be concealed by setting it off in a sufficiently large underground hole. It has already made at least eight test shots in a Louisiana salt mine with small quantities of chemical (nonnuclear) explosives under extremely difficult conditions. The scientists have been held up by mud, but the sense of urgency has already produced preliminary results—which indicate that concealment is possible.

Most experts agree that the U.S. is well ahead of the Russians in nuclear-weapon development and would have less to lose from a nuclear test ban. But the Atomic Energy Commission, the Defense Department and some key members of Congress are solidly convinced that the nation's security depends on the development of new weapons. The lack of a foolproof test ban is used to justify more tests.

AGAINST this background, the problems of general disarmament appear staggering. If they have this much trouble over the possible concealment of underground tests, how are the nations ever to deal with the possible concealment of missile and nuclear weapon stockpiles?

Last November 17, President Eisenhower touched on this problem in a letter to Senate Disarmament Subcommittee chairman Hubert Humphrey (D., Minn.):

> The best and most carefully elaborated disarmament agreements are likely to carry with them some risks,

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EDWARD GAMAREKIAN is a science reporter for the Washington Post & Times Herald.

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at least theoretically, of evasion. But one must ponder, in reaching decisions on the very complex and difficult subject of arms control, the enormous risks entailed if reasonable steps are not taken to curb the international competition in armaments and be more effective in the direction of disarmament.

Very few would disagree with this statement, but "some risks," "enormous risks," and "reasonable steps" mean different things to different people. Also, they mean one thing when the Russians seem friendly and cooperative and something else when they seem hostile and belligerent.

During the past few months, some top U.S. officials have attempted to make the Russians apppear more hostile in order to reduce the chances for a nuclear test ban agreement. Such manipulation of public opinion is a dangerous game when the stakes are this high.

THE CHARGE is serious; here are the facts to support it:

After Khrushchev's visit to the United States last September, the Soviet delegation at the Geneva test ban talks adopted a more cooperative position. Having dragged its feet for several months, the delegation suddenly agreed to a scientific conference on the detection and concealment of underground explosions. The United States had been pressing for such a conference since the previous January.

Scientists from the United States, the Soviet Union and Great Britain met in Geneva on November 25. No one had any idea how long the meeting would last, but one thing was apparent. If it went beyond December 19—the date on which the political conference was set to recess—the scientific conference would have to recess also and reconvene after the first of the year. President Eisenhower's moratorium on nuclear tests was set to expire on December 31. The scientific conference would have a critical effect on whether or not it was extended.

The scientists began their discussion with a re-examination of the conclusions and recommendations reached by the 1958 conference of scientific experts. The U.S. team then presented new data from the underground nuclear explosions that were held in the fall of 1958 during the Hardtack test series. These findings produced considerable discussion and debate, with the U.S. delegation contending that the detection network was not as good as it first appeared to be and the Soviet delegation replying that it was not as bad as the Americans said and could be made better. The English did not participate to any great extent.

IT IS NOT possible here to go into all the details of the arguments, but an indication of what they were beginning to show can be gotten from comments made by Sir William Penney, head of the British delegation, on December 3:

> Listening to the presentations so far, I had formed the opinion that the Hardtack data did show that the system we recommended was not as good as we thought. I have also formed the opinion that certain improvements in apparatus can regain some or perhaps most of the ground which had been lost.

Sir William criticized the Russians for trying to make the problem look too easy and later criticized the Americans for trying to make it look too difficult.

These three delegations maintained consistent attitudes on all controversial issues. The United States was invariably pessimistic about the capabilities of the 180-station detection network proposed at the 1958 conference. The Russians were invariably optimistic. The British were in between, tending toward the American position on some questions and toward the Soviet position on others.

The going became particularly rough when the U.S. delegation brought up its big-hole theory. The American scientists said that it would be feasible to dig a hole large enough to cancel a 700,000-ton explosion (TNT equivalent; the Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombs were 20,000 tons each). It would have to be 800 feet in diameter (almost three football fields) and five-eighths of a mile underground. It might cost $30- to $40 million to flush a hole this size out of an underground salt dome and would probably take three to four years, they said, but it was possible. A much smaller hole would do the trick, they added, if special material were distributed through the cavity to absorb heat from the bomb and reduce the pressure.

The Soviets said they doubted that it would be possible to get the reduction calculated, took issue with the heat-absorber theory, and said the big-hole idea didn't look too practical.

The British agreed with the big-hole possibility, but supported the Soviets on the heat-absorber idea and the practicality of the over-all scheme. They raised some serious questions about the assumptions on which the big-hole theory was based and wondered if they could be realized in practice. They also wondered about the likelihood that the hole would cave in.

On this issue, as on many of the others discussed, the differences were very great at the start but gradually diminished during the interchange that followed. On the big-hole theory, for example, the Soviets accepted the idea that a test could theoretically be concealed, although they continued to question its feasibility. The United States dropped the heat-absorber idea in the final report.

ANOTHER major argument arose over the problem of distinguishing the tremors produced by underground explosions from those produced by earthquakes. It was a key point because the number of annual on-site inspections depends on the difficulty of detecting this difference. The Russians, fearing that inspections might be used for snooping, were opposed to a great many (some say to more than ten a year) and wanted a quota. The United States, fearing that a quota might make it easier to cheat, wanted no limit on the inspections.

According to the U.S. delegation, the Hardtack tests showed that it was much more difficult to distinguish an underground explosion from an earthquake than had previously been thought. At one point, U.S. delegate Dr. Albert Latter said an examination of the Hardtack data showed that it would be impossible to distinguish a 1,800,000-ton explosion with certainty. This annoyed the Russians since an explosion of such magnitude would be

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almost impossible to contain underground. E. K. Federov, the head of their delegation, declared that the Americans were "on the brink of absurdity." Much capital was to be made of this remark later by those who wanted to show how belligerent the Russians were.

Dr. Latter derived the very large figure from the Hardtack data by assuming that one detecting seismograph would be used. With 100 seismographs, Latter added, it would be possible to distinguish underground explosions of 50,000 to 100,000 tons. The Russians said the U.S. estimate was too pessimistic — that it would be possible to distinguish smaller explosions.

The British thought so too. The U. S. delegation apparently didn't take its own estimate of the lower limit too seriously because it was dropped from the final report. In the Eisenhower proposal, the lower limit has been dropped to 20,000 tons.

To top it off, Latter—the day before the holiday recess—came up with a new set of criteria which he said would improve the system by a factor of 30, thereby cutting the 50-100 thousand-ton limit to 1.7-3.3 thousand tons. This important development should have brightened the chances for agreement but it was quietly forgotten as the U. S. delegation curtly announced its plans to wind up the conference on December 19.

The test moratorium was due to end on December 31. The AEC, Defense Department and some members of Congress argued against an extension, charging that the moratorium was giving the Russians a test ban without inspection. A few also charged the Soviet Union with carrying out secret underground tests in the meantime, but admitted that they had no evidence.

At Geneva, where agreement was coming close on a number of important points, the British and Soviets protested the ending of the scientific conference by the U. S. delegation. Federov suggested that the decision be left to the political conference. Penney, speaking for the British, said:

> Of course, I agree with Dr. Federov that whether we reconvene or not is a matter for the political conference and our governments to decide. The technical matters which Dr. Federov himself listed show signs of coming together and I would be glad to join my colleagues in telling the political conference that although we do have these disagreements—some still serious and some not so serious—we might well be able to make further progress if we did reconvene.
>
> As I said yesterday, the things we are doing here are of vital importance. They affect the world at large.

BUT THE U.S. delegation held to its proposal to adjourn immediately. It added, significantly, that it planned to publish a report which would show the areas of disagreement. The fat was in the fire. Penney apparently saw at once what effect a report on disagreements would have and how it might be used. He objected, saying:

> If we follow your suggestion, the political conference (the echelon above) will have to consider what it says to the world.... If it decides that we must come back it will also consider releasing none of this information to the world.... If we are to come back it will certainly be unwise to reveal differences at this stage.

The British and Soviet delegations pleaded for a joint report, as is customary. The Americans refused. The head of the U.S. delegation, Dr. James B. Fisk, said a joint statement would give "an unbalanced picture," but told the other delegations they could sign the U.S. statement if they wished. (Fisk is the president of Bell Telephone Laboratories and a member of President Eisenhower's Science Advisory Committee.)

Penney and Federov were furious. Penney said: "In some ways I am sorry, but if the U.S. delegation has their very firm view, if one delegation does that, the others must do it also."

Federov said: "I consider the action of the United States delegation as unprecedented, at least in the history of our technical talks, and extraordinary." On the matter of the balanced report, he said: "The United States delegation could always have informed its ambassador at any time and in any form it chooses as to its own view. What is important is to have three delegations in a three-power conference come to an agreed scientific decision.

"I think such action is aimed at undermining our deliberations because, just as soon as some partial agreement came into sight, just as soon as we got to that agreement, immediately the U.S. delegation has taken steps to ruin it. Do as you will, Dr. Fisk. The Soviet delegation will report, then, on the whole of the agenda and will also report on our view of the action that you are taking."

Fisk's reply to all this was: "The United States delegation fully acknowledges the agreement which we have reached on this subject."

THE U.S. group put out its report the next day and went home. The British and Soviet reports came out soon afterward. The three groups issued a joint statement on methods for improving the 180-station detection network. Although it was very encouraging, it had little effect on the generally pessimistic conclusions in the U.S. report.

The Soviet report was optimistic about the capabilities of the 180-station network. It criticized the U.S. delegation on a number of points — for modifying calculations that were based on the underground nuclear tests of 1957 and 1958, for misrepresenting the amount and type of instrumentation used during these tests, for using data in a way to make the 180-station network look ineffective, and for specifying detection criteria which made it seem impossible to detect underground explosions reliably in the order of hundreds of thousands or millions of tons. Their charges were strongly worded but were supported to a considerable extent by the record.

This report, plus Fisk's personal account of the conference to President Eisenhower on December 29 (he quoted out of context the Russian remark about "the brink of absurdity"), angered the President so deeply that he immediately made it known he would let the moratorium expire on the 31st. He declared the United States free to resume testing.

A date was secretly set for the resumption of tests underground and Atomic Energy Commission officials

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began to make speeches to prepare the public. In an address prepared for delivery at the Business Outlook Conference in Los Angeles on January 13, AEC chairman John A. McCone put the full blame for the outcome of the Geneva talks on the Russians. He said they refused to give serious consideration to the scientific data presented by the United States and submitted little or no data of their own. Their report was void of scientific evaluations, he added, and contained bitter denunciations and accusations.

The AEC chairman went on to say that this behavior made it necessary for President Eisenhower to bring to the attention of the world this intemperance and the destructive tactics of the Soviets, and to declare an end of the fourteen-month moratorium on the testing of nuclear weapons. The United States, he concluded, cannot lower its guard until the Soviets modify their unyielding position. "Until then, we must face resolutely the hazards of the future. To me, the greatest danger would be to see our country — weak and prostrate — an easy prey for a Communist dictator whose stated objective is to destroy all that we cherish." McCone gave similar but off-the-record speeches to a women's political forum and to a group of reporters in Washington.

On January 21, AEC commissioner John F. Floberg was even more blunt at a luncheon of the American Ordnance Association in Washington. "The Soviet representatives, wearing the guise of scientists but obviously just going through the motions in the spirit of a formality which had to be endured, furnished not a scintilla of scientific information but instead satisfied themselves with a tirade against the men whom the United States had selected. . . ."

The verbatim record of the Geneva conference and testimony given by members of the U.S. delegation to the Senate Disarmament Subcommittee on February 4, contradict the McCone and Floberg statements.

At the subcommittee hearing Fisk said, "Up until the last day, the Russians were their usual selves. They discussed sensibly and made good contributions. They are a very able group of people." The comments they made on the analyses of the U.S. delegation were "very good" and "made us think hard and do work we had not done," Fisk said under questioning. It was only on the last day that they "improperly" questioned the intentions of the U.S. delegation.

The man of second rank in the delegation, Dr. Wolfgang K. M. Panofsky of Stanford University, told the committee that the Russians made "elaborate theoretical contributions on the distortion of seismic waves," submitted data on large underground chemical explosions, and contributed seismic records taken in the Soviet Union which showed the earth tremors from the U.S. underground tests in Nevada.

MR. EISENHOWER does not appear to have been fully apprised of what happened during the scientific conference in Geneva. That seems the best explanation for the developments that followed:

1. The end of the test moratorium.

2. The setting of a date for the resumption of underground tests in Nevada (it has been put off for the time being).

3. The new test-ban proposal of February 11 which will make it legal to carry out underground tests on nuclear weapons that can be fairly large if they are exploded in a huge underground hole deep below the surface.

The Russian counter-proposal would ban all tests and allow the West to examine a limited number of suspicious events anywhere in the Soviet Union. The Russians would have the same privilege in the Western nations. This plan looks attractive because it would permit the use of intelligence information to uncover a violation. How far the plan gets depends on whether the Soviet Union will agree to the number of inspections the United States would consider adequate.

LABOR'S STAKE IN THE ARMS BUDGET

JETS AND JOBS . . *by Clive Jenkins*

London

ONE OF THE most surprising attitudes of American trade-union policy-makers is their reluctance to face the consequences of disarmament. This is coupled with their distaste for the language of disengagement.

During a recent visit to the United States, I kept trying to find out how much of labor thinking in this area was politically based — and to what extent economic factors were at work. For the economic side effects of world tension are objects of high visibility in America. To a European trade-union official, they are prominent in the attitudes of ordinary workers busy with weapons production.

In Britain, engineering workers in the armament industries have traditionally said they preferred to work on peaceful production. I found a similar, if more cynical, attitude in California workers; perhaps they were franker there. A discussion with California machinists about "peace breaking out" and its effects on employment in the aircraft, missiles and aerospace industries brought this comment: "We don't care if the rockets don't take off. Who wants to be a missile tramp? We have a say-

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ing: If they're operational, they're obsolete. Then we get laid off. . . ."

The International Association of Machinists and the United Auto Workers in Los Angeles want to stay in business, but they know that this is unlikely, for any one of the three major aircraft manufacturers has the capability of providing enough civil jet-aircraft to fill the needs of the Western world. Each new jet can do the work of five planes of the generation it replaces. "Everyone is in trouble," a senior plant manager told me in a quite resigned and dispassionate way. "Douglas is probably in most difficulty. They have $300 million of their own money in the DC-8 project and are lagging badly behind Boeing. The airlines have finished their first round of buying and seeing which type gains public acceptability. In the meantime, the companies have to sweat it out."

This, of course, is not the worst feature of the current crisis. Overshadowing all the competition is the fear that relaxation of international tensions will cause an "end-it-tomorrow" slash in missile procurement. At the Douglas Long Beach plant, it was admitted, "It could knock the props from under us."

THIS IS a key consideration for policy-makers and workers in both the United States and Britain. Can Western governments afford to negotiate seriously on Khrushchev's offer to "liquidate all military establishments"? Or must they immediately dismiss it in private because of its lethal impact on unplanned societies? Aviation industries now lie close to the heart of national economic activity in the West. This is particularly true of the United States, the lynch-pin arms shop of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. An I.A.M. international representative estimated to me that an absolute majority of all American engineering manpower now works on aircraft, missiles, aerospace programs or the control systems associated with them. He was deeply pessimistic about the future of the work force: "They will have to go. The industry is over-expanded for peaceful purposes. That is, if we ever decide times are peaceful again. At the moment, the production program is divided, 55 per cent on missiles and 45 per cent on aircraft — mostly military. Inside eighteen months, I figure that missiles will account for 65 per cent, and they just aren't peaceful." So what happens to the economy if world political relations continue to improve?

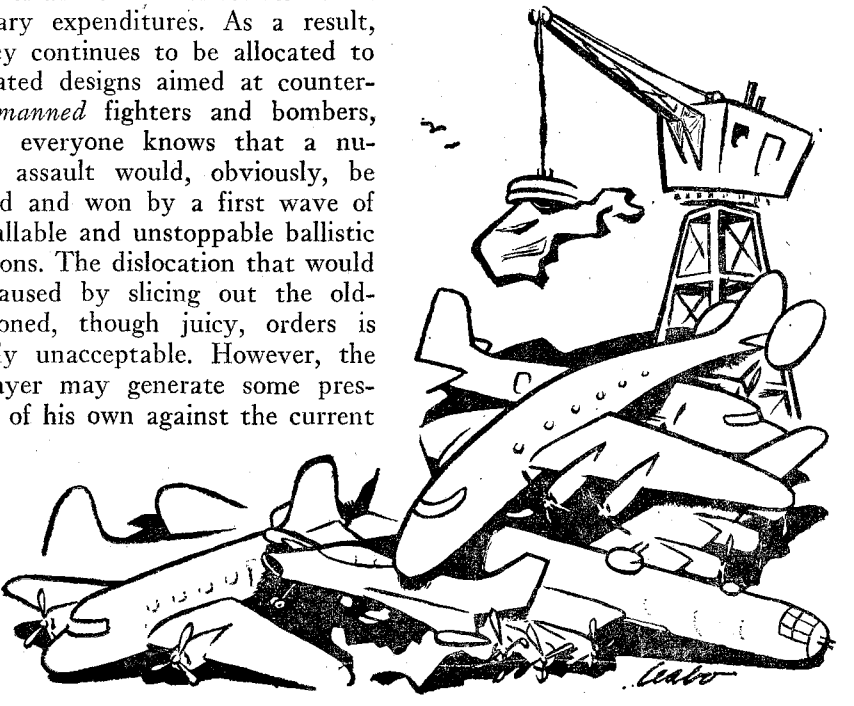
The 1961 U.S. budget allocates $46 billion for military hardware and services. Much of this goes for aircraft and rockets at a unit cost which soars from year to year. At the Paris Air Show, a Douglas RB-66B Destroyer twin-jet reconnaissance bomber had a tiny plate mounted in the cockpit for the attention of the pilot. It said: "This aircraft cost us $2,440,819.00. *Please Handle with Care.*" One wonders what admonition is stenciled along the sides of the obsolete, air-breathing, subsonic Snark missiles in Maine. Recently operational and three years too late, this one wing has cost $740 million. Nowhere near ready for the stencil-painters are the "sharp ends" of the Nike-Zeus anti-missile-missile system. This gets $300 million a year, but needs a whopping total of $13.5 billion to see whether it really *is* capable of being made operational.

U.S. spending suffers from the same problems as Britain's. The lobbying of manufacturers and politicians is powerful enough to generate an over-all blanket effectiveness on military expenditures. As a result, money continues to be allocated to outdated designs aimed at countering *manned* fighters and bombers, when everyone knows that a nuclear assault would, obviously, be waged and won by a first wave of irrecallable and unstoppable ballistic weapons. The dislocation that would be caused by slicing out the old-fashioned, though juicy, orders is clearly unacceptable. However, the taxpayer may generate some pressures of his own against the current score of seventy-seven different types of missile-weapons systems that he has financed without getting a decently placed bang for his buck.

THE GLARING faults in U.S. Defense Department procurement are mirrored wrongways - through - the - telescope in Britain. Two years ago, the Conservative Defense Minister announced a "realistic" armament policy, concentrating on a diversified rocket armory. He said categorically that the last manned aircraft was a-building and there would be no more. His policy proved plastic under the heat and pressure generated by the aircraft makers and their freshly hired ex-generals and admirals. A new "strike" aircraft is to be built, and anti-aircraft missiles are installed and replaced with newer models in a steady rhythm around Britain's coast — to counter an airborne aggressor who will sportingly fly an elderly machine.

The guided fatuities of military purchasing are now common knowledge inside the American and British industries: the lobbyists are naturally concerned about what to do when the news spreads.

Any cut in U.S. defense budgeting will fall chiefly upon the dramatically expensive aviation items. This will primarily affect a large group of highly paid workers, mainly in California, but will not be confined to



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them. The American market needs at least $15 billion extra spending power each year to keep employment at its present level and to absorb the million new entrants into the labor market. Can it provide this and also fill the hole left by, say, a fast cut of $10 or $15 billion?

One way might be to sell more commercial jet-liners overseas. Boeing, Convair, Lockheed and Douglas are well equipped to do this at the moment, for they will have a massive backlog of military orders to supply the necessary funds. The money is vital for development, for trade-in of unsellable piston-engined types, and for the extension of long-term financing to capital-starved airline operators. But this is a passing advantage; the basis is not stable enough to weather a moderately successful Summit conference. In Douglas Aircraft's 1958 fiscal year, combat vehicles and missiles accounted for 78.7 per cent of total sales, while only 21.3 per cent was devoted to civil enterprises. Douglas executives are markedly concerned about this situation. So are the unions: "Between this and Landrum-Griffin and automation we'll drop another 200,000 members eventually in the Machinists."

I HAVE already warned the white-collar technicians in my own union of the plans projected by the sales-organization engineers of North American Aviation, Inc. to decide who will carry the 100 million passengers on the scheduled services of the seventy-four Western nations each year. The objective is to establish on a world-wide basis American pure-jets and turbo-props as the *primary* instruments on the international airlanes. But this will not be so easy to accomplish.

Until a few months ago, the British industry (apart from certain types of jet-engine) would have been a sitting duck. Employing the best-manipulated and brassiest lobby in Europe, it had obtained government money for research, prototype building, development, and then orders from the armed services or the nationalized airlines (British Overseas Airways and British European Airways). This resulted in only one world-selling type: the turbo-prop Viscount, of which over 450 were made. But the replacement "Vanguard" has only twenty on order from foreign customers and seems doomed, like the rest of the designs, to a perfunctory and expensive production run. The plain truth is that there have been too many companies: talent was spread too thinly, and any management, since it never gambled with its own money, could try to hit the jackpot. But as the industry became dependent in an absolute way upon public money, the government found it easier to effect amalgamations looking to the creation of two giant units which could compete more effectively on the international market.

Following the Conservative victory in the October, 1959, elections, Duncan Sandys (son-in-law of Winston Churchill) was shifted sideways from Minister of Defense to the newly minted job of Minister of Aviation, where he controls the aircraft and missiles industry and also the publicly owned air-transport undertakings. He had a mandate for amalgamation, and a powerful weapon to cement old rivals: "No marriage — no money."

Within the last two months, two groupings have emerged. English Electric and Vickers are talking about combining their aviation interests, while the huge Hawker Siddeley concern (having absorbed two other companies in 1959) is now about to take over the Comet-building De Havilland group. Most of the other units are either associated with the new giants or obviously will be unable to avoid being whipped into position.

The tempting bait is government backing for a fabulously expensive supersonic airliner program "to get Britain back into the world market *seriously*." Renewed British competition, backed by state funds, may not of itself worry American companies (Boeing alone — 1959 sales $1,600 million — tops the value of the combined gross output of the British firms). The Americans foresee sharp conflicts with the resurgent manufacturers of the European Common Market, who are out to challenge the rest of the world.

The successful Caravelle jet, flown by Air France, is from the state-owned French assembly lines, and its later versions may be purchased by the airlines of the six-nation Common Market who have formed an "Air Union" and are developing maintenance and traffic-handling facilities. It seems reasonable to assume that their Paris-based Equipment Committee will eventually urge purchase of an airliner built in the market area, probably by a Franco-German consortium. The effect of such a decision upon the traditional suppliers in California would be formidable; and at least one engine-maker, General Electric, is buying a Caravelle for almost $2 million to fit with G.E. engines to prove that they are just as good as those built for the plane by Rolls Royce.

OTHER American companies are either forming partnerships with former antagonists *inside* the Common Market boundaries, or registering their own subsidiary companies there. This could mean a shift in the location of the work force from the continental United States to Europe, with American personnel replaced by lower-paid French and German engineers. This prospect has still not entirely registered with the unionized production men on the West Coast, to whom the Common Market concept has seemed far away indeed. When I talked with one aviation local in Southern California, the president interrupted me to say: "Hell, we ought to fix this thing before it goes too far. We'll be left with just a bunch of white-collar braintrusters out here, and you can bet your life they won't be organized." He may very well be correct. There are no signs that the international leadership of the unions in this sector has projected the future at all, or even hinted at the possibility of a devastating cut in the employment capacity of the artificially stimulated aircraft corporations.

While many labor leaders still seem unable to jerk out of their frozen cold-war posture, the managerial braintrusters are starting to run rings around them. Chief among the re-locators is Lockheed Aircraft, now a heavy investor in Aeronautica

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Macchi S. A. of Italy, which will produce a Lockheed-designed light utility aircraft. Soon Lockheed expects the Indian government to decide to produce a Lockheed turboprop transport under license. At the same time, it has persuaded the Japanese government spectacularly to reverse a series of decisions approving production of the Grumman F11F-1F interceptor in favor of the Lockheed F-104C (cost: $1,200,000 each). The first F-104C will not emerge from the Japanese plants until the end of 1962, and the production run will not be complete until the end of 1965 — just around the time when the whole series will be blatantly obsolescent.

But, useless or not, they might have been built in U.S. shops.

United Aircraft has gone one better: it has bought a 10.9 per cent interest in the nationalized French SNECMA organization, which builds airframes and engines. SNECMA will make Pratt and Whitney engines under a nine-year license, and have a United Aircraft man on its state-controlled board of directors.

This loss of work extends into the missile-manufacturing field, too. France is demanding her own IRBM, besides the Raytheon/U.S. Army Hawk ground-to-air missile system which she is already making in partnership with West Germany, Belgium, Italy and Holland. It seems that the U.S. Secretary of Defense, Thomas Gates, is trying to head this off by promising "full assistance" to an integrated NATO program for a "European IRBM." This may not satisfy de Gaulle. For the French have had an organization called SEREB for over two years. This is conducting research and development on several types of ballistic vehicles to perfect their very own SSBS (*sol-sol ballistique strategique*) for deployment in numbers by 1967. SEREB is connected with a major Franco-German effort at St. Louis (on the Swiss border), which carries out basic rocket research.

This, in turn, will hammer down employment in the U.S. missiles factories — even if the cold war continues.

LITTLE of this seems to be appreciated by American labor leaders, perhaps because they have become so adjusted to the climate of the cold war that they cannot envisage arms manufacturing at a much reduced level. Yet the recent cancellation of the B-70 bomber program may be a straw in the wind. However, there is still major reliance upon the feeling that the radical technologies, always under development in aviation's search for ever higher performance, are so important to general industrial progress that any administration will provide funds to buttress weakened company structures.

The argument seems to be dangerously illusory, even though Dr. D. V. Holmes of Douglas Aircraft recently told the Institute of Aeronautical Science that at least 14 million man-hours would be needed for the development of a supersonic jet transport, and the program cost could run as high as $2 billion. He said straightforwardly that military assistance, or some other form of government subsidy, is a prerequisite for the project. But even state support for such a scheme could not reverse the trend towards a smaller work force. In Britain, the unions have accepted that the industry will be reduced to a "normal," though subsidized, condition, and are urging government planning of alternative work in the stricken towns. To this end, they are pressing the government to set up with them and the managements a Joint Advisory Council to be chaired by the Minister of Aviation. The purpose would be to plan and control the rate of job loss, which has totaled 25,000 in the last two years.

The geographical concentration of the American plants seems to cry out for such measures there, too, to prevent chronically under-employed areas from emerging. Will the unions involved be apprehensive about such political action? Certainly many of the leaders seem opposed to it, but the rank-and-file strikes me as curiously uninhibited on this count: their lack of political sophistication inclines them towards the action which will be most effective — even if it has not been tried before. But it is still disturbing to hear so many labor opinion-formers talking as if the world clock had permanently stopped at 1951, and thinking that this exempted them from dealing with the challenges represented by disarmament coupled with automation.

GAMBLING, THE LEGAL VICE . . *by Elijah Adlow*

SINCE the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, America has witnessed the ascendancy of gambling as a major concern of public authority. Indeed, from the emphasis placed on gambling by prosecutors, legislative commissions and reform groups, it would seem that the numbers-writers and bookmakers provide the only obstacles to the achievement of an orderly society. Of course, this is far from the truth. Today the United States is experiencing a crime wave of unprecedented proportions. Every category of crime is on the increase —robberies, crimes of violence, juvenile delinquency. But what amounts to a moral breakdown all over America is overlooked in the emphasis given to the evils deriving from gambling. If there is a moral crusade being waged today, it is a decidedly lopsided affair.

Granted that this emphasis is in part merited: certainly gambling is inextricably involved in the corruption of police and the consequent weakening of authority; and surely, unless checked, the United States

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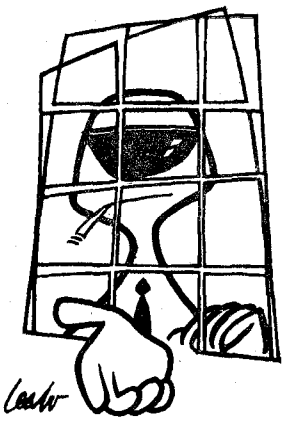


eventually must suffer economically as well as morally from the ascendancy of this parisitic enterprise. Yet the question remains: "What have we done to uncover the factors that have contributed to making gambling in America the evil that it is?" The answer is, "Nothing." The truth is that we tend to shrug off the whole problem with the phrase, "People always gambled"—a reaction which reveals the basic fallacy on which all rationalizing about gambling in America rests.

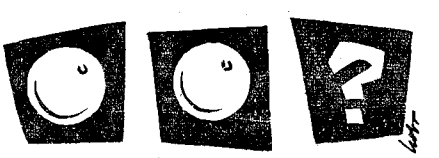
People did *not* always gamble. Legalized parimutuel betting is a comparative newcomer in the United States. Prior to the advent of the New Deal, there were few race tracks; bookmakers operated under cover, and the patronage they solicited was from that group identified as the "sporting element." Gambling resorts like Bradley's at Newport or Canfield's at Saratoga restricted their patronage to a negligible fraction of the community (admission to either was a mark of social prestige). There were plenty of low-grade gambling dives in the country, but they operated in secret and catered to a disreputable element—crap-shooters, card sharps, racketeers. The general public considered gambling a wicked and evil practice, and one who made it a profession, or who wagered for high stakes, was written off as an undesirable citizen. The mere possession of a racing form was sufficient to invite ostracism by respectable people.

Notwithstanding their prejudice against the gambler, people then viewed card-playing as a pastime, or for small stakes, in a charitable spirit. Lawmakers and clergymen who occasionally denounced even this much gambling were branded as "narrow backs" and "kill joys." In a certain sense, the tolerance was justified, since there were few ill effects from the gambling which then prevailed. It presented no serious threat to the stability of our social or economic order.

Today, millions of people spend a considerable part of their time studying racing forms, and several billion dollars a year are bet at the legally supervised race tracks in the United States, not to mention the vast sums which pass through the hands of bookmakers and numbers-writers. Gambling is one of our major industries. To what can we attribute this strange transformation?

The "numbers racket" was born in the Prohibition era and grew to great size even before the Eighteenth Amendment was repealed. It owed its growth to the fact that the emphasis on enforcement of Prohibition diverted the attention of the authorities from violations of law in other directions. This made things easy for the police, who could, with impunity, provide protection for the promoters of the racket. As a matter of fact, fortunes were made out of the numbers even before the existence of the racket became known. Then, when Prohibition was repealed, the horde that had lived on its illicit gains turned eagerly to this new and promising field.

WITH THE advent of the depression, many measures were suggested for the alleviation of distress, and among them was the legalizing of gambling in the form of either parimutuel betting or bingo. The suggestions appeared to be sponsored by well-meaning citizens, but the truth is that the money that financed the legalizing of parimutuel betting in legislatures around the country came from ex-bootleggers and racketeers. (A few of the better type of citizens — some horse-lovers, others interested in welfare programs which depended on new taxes—also supported the measures, but they were speedily disillusioned and disappeared from the picture.) Since 1933, an amazing number of legalized parimutuel tracks, both horse and dog, have appeared, and with them, jai-alai games. Of late, the trotters are sharing the spotlight with the runners, and one of the issues now under discussion in state capitals is not whether gambling should be forbidden, but whether the chartered racing clubs should get more racing dates. What was once branded as wicked and sinful, today has the sanction of government; where the maintenance of a gambling nuisance was once an indictable offense, today a state racing commission supervises the horse and dog tracks, and the state receives its share of the profits. It is no longer a sin to gamble at an authorized track; it is still a crime to place your bet with a bookie who has not received a charter from the state.



TO ALL this must be added the fact that many churches and fraternal organizations raise funds by conducting lotteries and bingo games—sometimes with public sanction, at other times clandestinely. What was once a sin has been given a certificate of good character by public authority and by people who enjoy respectable status in the community.

Is it any wonder that gambling thrives in America?

It is estimated that the business of the bookmakers and numbers-writers equals, if it does not exceed, that done at legalized parimutuel tracks. A great many tax-conscious citizens have gone so far as to suggest legalizing off-track betting, and there is considerable support for state lotteries as an antidote for the numbers racket. Either expedient would serve only to intensify the gambling mania and make bad conditions worse.

Experts on crime tell us that corrupt politicians and corrupt policemen are primarily to blame for the prevalence of bookies and numbers-writers. Many denounce the judges of our courts for being lenient. But hardly any of these experts take into consideration the crux of the situation—the juries that are called upon to convict before anyone can be sent to jail. In Massachusetts policemen have arrested countless bookies and

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numbers-writers over the past thirty years. Judges have sentenced many to jail. In very few instances have the defendants accepted the sentence; almost invariably they have appealed and in practically every instance juries have acquitted them (jury trials in such appeals are provided by Massachusetts law). I can personally testify to this phenomenon from records accumulated in my own court.

IT IS well to keep in mind that the law violator does not put his faith in juries alone. Before he ever faces a jury, there are factors upon which he can count to help him beat the law. First and foremost, there are well-disposed policemen, whose indifference often practically guarantees him immunity from prosecution. Then there is the difficulty of gathering evidence against him. Except for those monstrous raids staged for the edification of the public, which rarely result in any victory for law enforcement, most bookies are brought into court on the basis of police searches conducted in a manner that ignores considerations of due process. (Why is it that the defendants brought into court are rarely big-name racketeers, but almost always small-time operators of no importance whatever? To this perplexed judge, it almost seems as though they are stooges thrown to the lions as a token tribute to law enforcement.)

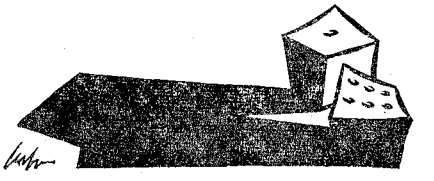
In this setting, public clamor increases for stricter enforcement of the gambling laws, and the legislatures around the country have set about to provide it by requiring jail sentences for second offenders. In 1957, the Massachusetts Legislature passed such a law; since then, only one man has gone to jail under it. Will the law abate the gambling evil? I am not too optimistic about the prospects.

It is rather remarkable that laws designed to insure more severe punishment rarely achieve anything. In 1951, the Federal Wagering Stamp Law went into effect. Since then, arrests for registering bets and promoting lotteries have fallen off over 50 per cent in Massachusetts. This does not mean that 50 per cent of the operators have retired from business; it simply means that the business has been conducted with more care, and more attention to protection, than before. There can be no doubt that vigorous law enforcement will in the end "exhaust" some of the bookies, but it will never exhaust all of them. While the threat of jail may frighten a few, most are unafraid. After all, a bookie is a gambler, and the record of our juries is enough to give him a feeling that he has better than a sporting chance of beating the law.

Severity of punishment has failed as a deterrent for crime even where the crime is generally abhorred. Is it not futile to expect that the passage of more severe laws will secure more convictions by juries which were reluctant to enforce a more lenient code? Remember, gambling is no longer sinful or wicked; the state has legalized it.

THIS is not to deny that gambling is a serious menace to America today. How are we going to abate the evil? Surely not by chartering *more* horse and dog tracks, *more* trotting parks; not by giving *more* racing dates to favored charter holders. It is vain, perhaps, to look for complete reform, but the gambling mania should abate with the reduction of the extent to which gambling is legalized.

If we really want to control the bookies and the numbers-writers, we should reveal a greater capacity for controlling ourselves. *Fewer* race tracks, *fewer* racing dates, *less* racing news will mean less business for the professional gambler; and less business for him means fewer bookies. Today the climate is favorable to gambling as an industry. If the industry is to be curbed, the conditions under which it thrives must be corrected, and the public generally, and public authorities in particular, can do their share to correct them.



MISSION TO SOMOZALAND . . *by James L. Busey*

ONE WOULD suppose the Department of State must have learned something from the fairly recent entanglements of Ambassador Smith with the Batista regime. It would be reasonable to expect that Latin America's frequent protests against alleged U.S. affection for dictators would have had some impact by now on our diplomatic practices in this hemisphere.

Apparently not, at least in Nicaragua.

Next to the bizarre Trujillo tyranny (since 1930) in the so-called Dominican Republic, the Somoza family dictatorship over Nicaragua, established in 1937, is the oldest in the New World. The two co-rulers of the country are Luis Anastasio Somoza and his brother, Anastasio Somoza, Jr., who have shared power since the assassination of their father in September, 1956. Luis, a civilian, is the President; Anastasio, a military man, is head of the National Guard, or Army.

The opposition circulates typical anti-dictator reports about the brutality and corruption of the Somozas. Dr. Guillermo Urbina Vásquez, a leftist, asserts that the personal fortune of Luis is no less than $300,000,000. Nicaraguans who have been

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close to the Somoza family have given me even higher figures. Academicians confirm that the Somoza wealth is very great. Charles W. Anderson of the University of Wisconsin, who wrote an excellent, objective summary of the background of the Somoza dictatorship (*Canadian Forum*, August, 1959), gave $150,000,000 as a conservative estimate of the family's fortune. He quite accurately reported that most foreign transport by air and sea, and about 10 per cent of the country's arable land, belong to the Somoza clan.

Pedro Joaquín Chamorro, of the conservative opposition to the dictatorship, writes in his *Estirpe Sangrienta*: *Los Somoza* (Mexico, 1957) on the torment undergone by political prisoners (he had been one himself). He tells of elegant zoological gardens adjacent to the Presidential palace, where some cages contained African lions — and adjacent cages housed political prisoners, several of whom he names.

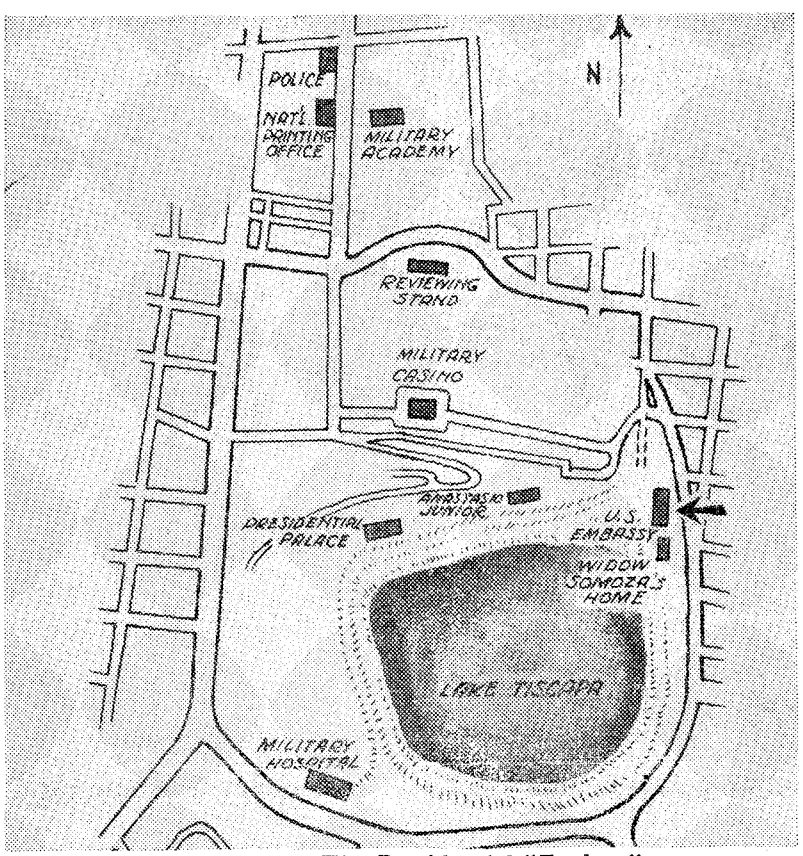
There are signs that Luis Somoza, if not his brother, would like to liberalize his rule; but it seems quite likely that the Somoza dynasty — which ex-President José Figueres of Costa Rica would call a "hereditary satrapy" — will eventually disappear. When the debacle comes, will Latin American public opinion again deem the United States to have been clearly on the side of a discredited dictatorship? Present evidence indicates that this will be the case. What is worse, the United States is doing nothing to correct the impression.

CRITICS of the Somozas differ politically among themselves. Dr. Guilermo Urbina Vásquez, president of the *Junta Revolucionaria*, obviously taking his cue from Castro, promises to shoot all Nicaraguans who have contributed in "greater or lesser degree" to support of the Somoza regime, and to include Communists in a seven-member coalition cabinet. Dr. Enrique Lacayo Farfán, *Jefe* of the *Unión Nacional Opositora* (*UNO*), is as determined as anyone to be rid of the Somoza rule, but is more conservative. Whatever their political differences, however, all anti-Somoza leaders, and all Central Americans I have interviewed on the subject, charge that U.S. Ambassador Thomas E. Whelan is inextricably involved with the dynasty.

In Chamorro's book, it is alleged that Ambassador Whelan has participated in social functions in a salon looking out upon the cages which confined some of Somoza's political opponents. Emilio Borge González, exiled professor of law of the University of León, wrote in a scholarly Costa Rican quarterly that Mr. Whelan "acts as a propaganda agent for the Somoza brothers." *Time*, in its issue of October 1, 1956, described the Ambassador as "a poker-playing personal friend of Somoza" (the reference was to the assassinated dictator).

There are two curious facts about our diplomatic representation in Nicaragua. The first has to do with the physical location of our Embassy there. The second is related to Ambassador Whelan's long tenure of office.

One cannot say much about the Somoza dictatorship without talking about *La Loma de Tiscapa* (or *La Loma*, as it it popularly called), a great hill that looms above the streets of Managua. Official government offices, including the *Palacio Nacional*, which houses the Nicaraguan Congress, are located in various parts of the capital. But the actual command post of the dynasty is at *La Loma*. On its topmost ridge are the huge, ostentatious homes of the Somoza brothers, commanding a view that extends over substantially all parts of the city. The mansion to the west belongs to Luis, the President; the other — literally a castle complete with towers and turrets — is the home of Anastasio of the National Guard. To the south — behind the palaces — *La Loma* drops off precipitously into *La Laguna de Tiscapa*, a deep crater lake. In front of the mansions, to the north, the descent to the streets of Managua is less steep. Sentry boxes guard the approaches, and soldiers are everywhere. Halfway down the slope is a long, east-west wall with gun emplacements, to keep back the rabble. There is an elegant *Casino Militar*, or Officers' Club; a large field, and an ornamental *Tribuna Monumental*, or parade reviewing stand. All the buildings and grounds are protected by security regulations; once within



Nicaragua: The Presidential "Enclave"

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the borders of a boulevard that encircles the area, one must have official permission to take photographs.

The widow of assassinated Anastasio Somoza, Sr., lives in a relatively modest home — modest, that is, by Somoza standards — within the edges of *La Loma*, below and to the east of the Somoza brothers' palaces.

Outside the charmed circle, but bordering on the boulevard, are homes of National Guard officers. Nearby, also immediately outside the area of *La Loma*, are the huge walls and grounds of the *Academia Militar*, as well as the offices of the police.

A few foreign embassies, notably the French and Dominican, are within a short distance of the security area of *La Loma*, but most are in other areas of the city. Not so the Embassy of the United States, *which occupies a large building within the restricted circle of* La Loma, *not over twenty feet from the home of Señora Somoza.* With the reservation that Eisenhower is no Somoza, it is as though the Nicaraguan Embassy in the United States were situated on the President's Gettysburg farm. To all appearances, the U.S. Embassy in Managua is either an outbuilding of the Somoza estate, or vice versa.

The reports current in Latin America of our intimate relationship with the Somoza regime may or may not be true; the point is that most Central Americans believe them. And it would appear that in its choice of an embassy location, the United States is doing what it can to confirm the belief.

IF THE location of our embassy seems odd, the tenure of our Ambassador is even odder. Thomas E. Whelan has served in Managua longer than any other U.S. diplomatic chief-of-mission has served at his present post anywhere on earth. My compilation of data from the *Foreign Service List* of October, 1959, indicates that sixty-eight of our eighty-three chiefs-of-mission have held their present posts only since 1957; ten of the remainder were appointed in 1956, three in 1955, one in 1954, none in 1953 or 1952. Only one — Thomas E. Whelan in Managua — has been serving since 1951.

Mr. Whelan, a Republican from North Dakota, was appointed to Managua by a Democratic President, Mr. Truman. The unusual appointment needed some explanation, and *Time* (August 6, 1951) offered one: Mr. Truman wanted to reward Republican Senator William Langer of North Dakota for having furnished crucial support.

In response to my request for an explanation of this long tenure, Wallace W. Stuart, Deputy Director of Personnel, Department of State, wrote me on December 16. His "explanation" was that "all ambassadors are appointed by the President, by and with the consent of the Senate, and are commissioned by him to 'serve during the pleasure of the President of the United States'"; that Mr. Whelan was appointed by President Truman on July 28, 1951, and reappointed by President Eisenhower on February 26, 1953; and that Mr. Whelan "continues to serve as Ambassador to Nicaragua at the 'pleasure of the President of the United States.'" Mr. Stuart added that "Ambassador Whelan's tenure in Nicaragua sets no precedent," and cited the cases of Claude G. Bowers, Ambassador to Chile from June, 1939, to August, 1953, and of Harold Tittmann who, while not at one post as long as Mr. Whelan, "was Ambassador to Peru for nearly seven years from June, 1948, until March, 1955." Mr. Stewart commented that "from four to six years' service as ambassador to one country is not uncommon for United States ambassadors throughout the world." Mr. Whelan is now well into his ninth year in Managua.

Mr. Stuart concluded by writing that "I hope that this information will be helpful in explaining the length of Ambassador Whelan's service in Nicaragua." Most Latin Americanists would say that the "explanation" was not particularly helpful.

There may be some personal reason why Mr. Whelan must remain in Nicaragua: if so, it would seem that the United States Government could find some other useful employment for him in Managua. Or it may be relevant that Dr. Guillermo Sevilla Sacasa, Nicaraguan Ambassador to the United States, is the dean of the Washington diplomatic corps. Still, there is no protocol requiring the reciprocal retention of Mr. Whelan in Managua; and in any case, if this were indeed a factor, there is nothing to prevent personnel officers from saying so.

Managua is hot, muggy and infested with mosquitoes as well as Somozas, and few would relish the post; but considering some other spots to which foreign service personnel are assigned, this is of course no bar to finding a replacement for Mr. Whelan.

It may be that the Ambassador is quite popular with the Somoza family, and that the Nicaraguan Government wants him to stay.

No rational person expects an ambassador to be openly hostile to the regime to which he is accredited. But in Nicaragua we have a clear-cut case of the United States obdurately retaining one whom Central Americans widely believe is playing footsy with a hated dictatorship. In the face of the Smith-Batista revelations, and the widespread Latin American impression that this is precisely the way the United States conducts itself with dictators, the State Department should either explain or correct the Nicaraguan diplomatic situation.

Or if that is impossible, we might at least move our embassy to some other part of Managua.

LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

asylums. Today we go to movies and the theatre. People will pay up to $3.00 to see first-run films and up to $10.00 for a Broadway show. Since the domestic relations court is at least as entertaining as the latest Broadway product, seats at a divorce trial might be scaled up to $10.00. Higher prices would be reserved for murder trials, and a premium price could be charged for the "crime of passion" cases, such as the Finch trial in Los Angeles.

Since the representatives of the press and entertainment world are making hay from people on trial for their lives, I submit that the government should get its cut.

JOANNE FORMAN

San Francisco, Calif.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

A Man with a Grievance

THE MASTERPIECE AND THE MAN: Yeats As I Knew Him. By Monk Gibbon. The Macmillan Co. 226 pp. $4.50.

Frank O'Connor

MONK GIBBON is a poet who came to fame largely because of a speech by Stanley Baldwin, the pipe-smoking king-maker of Great Britain, who in the intervals of deposing and creating monarchs, liked to do the same for novelists and poets. Like other young poets of Irish birth, Mr. Gibbon sent his poems to W. B. Yeats, and Yeats, always courteous to young writers, wrote him a couple of letters of encouragement and criticism. Yeats was just forming his Irish Academy of Letters and, feeling that he was by nature and upbringing an academician, Mr. Gibbon resolved to court the older man's favor. When Yeats next asked him to his house, Mr. Gibbon held his tongue, though Yeats said several things he disagreed with. When the company discussed whether or not George Moore was impotent, Mr. Gibbon even refrained from revealing his own special knowledge. "I could have made my own interesting contribution to the symposium by revealing that J. P. O'Reilly had whispered to me one evening at Rathgar Avenue not so long before that he was quite sure that Yeats himself was now impotent." This would certainly have been an interesting contribution to Yeats's symposium, and I almost find myself regretting the good breeding that suppressed it.

But even good breeding like Mr. Gibbon's was not enough. Yeats did not make him an academician. Mr. Gibbon was a friend of the poet, A.E. (George Russell), and "A.E.'s protégés were always anathema to W.B." Besides, Yeats resented contradiction and opposition. There was the story of Seumas O'Sullivan, for instance. He and Yeats had quarreled. There was a reconciliation, and O'Sullivan became a member of the Council of the Academy, but "Seumas . . . was never cut out for the part of yes-man in Council meetings. In a very short time Yeats was doing his best to rid himself of this difficult customer; was striking the table pontifically with his hand and exclaiming 'We must have a unanimous Council': and presently Seumas was off the Council and peace presumably reigned once more."

Nor did malice end with the failure to make Mr. Gibbon an academician. Yeats was producing some song sheets at his own private press and failed to include any by Mr. Gibbon. He was editing the *Oxford Book of Modern Verse*, but though Mr. Gibbon carefully dumped his collected work on the poet's wife, none of it appeared. Worse, in Mr. Gibbon's presence, Yeats said to Oliver Gogarty, " 'Oh, Gogarty, I'm doing this *Cambridge* (*sic*) *Book of Modern Verse* and I don't want to overlook anything of yours. Have I got all your books?' As he said it he gave — according to *my wife who is the last person in the world to read malice into anyone else's action* — a look, almost a leer in my direction, as though it were his deliberate intention to wound me." Can the reader bear any further examples of Yeats's brutality? There was the occasion when Mr. Gibbon deliberately stood in the foyer of the Abbey Theatre while the poet was there, and waited for Yeats to speak to him first. Did Yeats speak to him first? He did not! "Yeats was extremely short-sighted and may not have seen me. I rather think that he did."

HOW revealing those last two sentences are! How perfectly they describe the true collector of grievances for whom no grievance is too small! And how these grievance men all stick together, all swapping spiteful gossip and immature judgments, from J. P. O'Reilly to that eminent critic Liam Brophy, who said of Yeats that "he went after black magic, spurned the popular cause and denounced patriotism." Many of the personal matters Mr. Gibbon writes about from hearsay I knew of at first hand, like the council meetings at which Yeats is supposed to have struck the table "pontifically with his hand" (our main trouble at these was to bring the members together in a condition of relative sobriety), and Mr. Gibbon simply gets everything about them wrong. Yeats did not choose his academicians himself; A.E.'s friends were not "always anathema to W.B." — I was considerably closer to A.E. than Mr. Gibbon, and Yeats was a very good friend to me. He did *not* resent contradiction, nor did he always override opposition. I contradicted and opposed him in a way that is possible only to a young provincial with little experience of good society, and though he sometimes very properly resented it, he never ceased to do me little kindnesses. The remark, "I must smooth him down," which Mr. Gibbon uses as a *leitmotif* to represent Yeats's low cunning, was not used to L. A. G. Strong but to me; and it was his reply to a rebuke for his behavior to A.E. — not a very overbearing reply from a man of European reputation to a young man who didn't know how to behave himself, much less teach his superiors to do so.

I wish that with this work the great Yeats-Gibbon conflict could be considered closed. After all, Mr. Gibbon has

FRANK O'CONNOR is one of the great contemporary Irish storytellers. His latest book is Kings, Lords, & Commons: *an anthology of translations from the Irish, which was published by Knopf last year.*

Another Ballade

(from the French of François Villon)

Here ends the testament,
Here it finishes, of poor Villon.
Come to his burial
When you hear the bells ringing,
Come dressed in red and purple,
For he died a martyr of love;
He swore to this on his belly
On his way out of this world.

And I am sure he did not lie,
For he was chased like a slut
By his spiteful loves,
So that from here to Rousillon
There isn't a broom or a brush
That hasn't (he tells the truth)
Torn some patch from his back
On his way out of this world.

This is how it was, so much so
That when he died he had only a rag;
Furthermore, as he died, the spurs of Love
Savagely cut into him;
Worse than the sharp nails
Of shoulder-belts did they make him suffer
(And this is what we marvel at)
On his way out of this world.

Prince, graceful as a falcon,
Hear what he did last of all:
He drained a bottle of red wine
On his way out of this world.

GALWAY KINNELL

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had the last word. Out of two letters, three meetings and four grievances he has managed to extract a book of 226 pages, the royalties from which should amply compensate him for his wounded feelings. But I am afraid he has only encouraged others less talented than himself. Reviewing this book in the London *Spectator*, a Dublin critic compared Yeats with a Bronx ward boss and discovered that in the poetry Yeats himself had confessed to his gangsterism. He quoted, "He that's mounting higher must on his neighbour mount," assuming — quite correctly, I fear — that no reader of the *Spectator* would remember how the sentence ends — "And we and all the Muses are things of no account." That we and the muses are things of no acount is, I fear, the only lesson we can learn from members of the Grievance Club.

The Revolutionary Century

THE AGE OF THE DEMOCRATIC REVOLUTION: A Political History of Europe and America, 1760-1800. Vol. I: "The Challenge." By R. R. Palmer. Princeton University Press. 534 pp. $7.50.

Bruce Mazlish

THE *philosophes* of the eighteenth century thought that history was "philosophy teaching by example." R. R. Palmer's *The Age of the Democratic Revolution* suggests rather that history is example teaching philosophy. Mr. Palmer's subjects are: (1) the nature of public authority, in which he treats of such topics as liberty, equality, sovereignty and democracy; and (2) the nature of revolution, or the breakdown of existing authority and the substitution of new authority. Throughout, he is concerned with the political theories of liberalism and conservatism.

His major thesis is that in the eighteenth century it is possible to talk of an "Atlantic Civilization," and to see that this "whole civilization was swept . . . by a single revolutionary movement, which manifested itself in different ways and with varying success in different countries, yet in all of them showed similar objectives and principles." The movement which swept both Europe and America was the "democratic movement," and it fought on one side against aristocracy and on the other against absolutism.

The author's thesis is not simple, however, and it is not one-sided. It was not only democratic feeling that was on the march; there was an aristocratic movement as well. The "constituted bodies," those who claimed political power and office by hereditary right, and as private property, were resurgent everywhere in the eighteenth century, pressing their claims as an attack and not merely as a defense against both Kings and Peoples. It is one of Mr. Palmer's virtues that he points this out in emphatic terms—historians like Lefebvre had already done it for the French Revolution—and demonstrates it as a movement of eighteenth-century Western civilization. In the light of this movement, topics such as elites, social stratification, liberty, equality and the law take on depth and dimension. Further, Mr. Palmer is "present-minded"; he inserts sharp contemporary references to neo-conservatives and the like.

MR. PALMER's political history is a work of synthesis, a comparative study which transcends national histories and finds its materials equally in the Geneva of Rousseau and the Hapsburg Empire of Joseph II, which deftly juxtaposes social upheavals in Belgium, Holland, England, Ireland, Poland, America and France to develop its major themes. One such theme is that the contribution of the first major revolution—the American—was twofold: a new idea, that the people actually create and contrive the government; and a new institution, the constitutional convention, which implements the idea. It was this idea-institution which made the concept of sovereignty of the people spring into life from the paper on which it was written. The Western world now tends to take these ideas for granted; they were by no means "self-evident" for men of the eighteenth century. Mr. Palmer insists, correctly, that the American Revolution *was* a revolution, and that conservatives like Burke and others after him simply express their general distaste for revolution when they try to sponge away the "taint" attached to early America. Thus, they blur the real historical characteristic of Atlantic civilization in the eighteenth century.

It is the "logic of the situation" that fascinates Mr. Palmer. He does not

BRUCE MAZLISH is co-author with J. Bronowski of The Western Intellectual Tradition: from Leonardo to Hegel, *to be published this April (Harper). Mr. Mazlish teaches history at M.I.T.*

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believe that the French or any other eighteenth-century revolution arose from a "conspiracy of ideas" or from the willful drives of ambitious men. Revolutions arise when "confidence in the justice or reasonableness of existing authority is undermined. . . . In such a situation the sense of community is lost, and the bond between social classes turns to jealousy and frustration." Mr. Palmer treats conflict in terms of actual persons and groups, and not in terms of abstract ideas. Thus, Rousseau and Burke are seen emerging from a real Geneva and a real England, and their ideas are discussed in relation to the concrete circumstances which they hoped to affect by their thoughts and actions.

IDEOLOGY is therefore subdued, but not ignored, in Mr. Palmer's account. He suggests that it was not the *Social Contract* but the exigencies of governmental taxation (provoked by wars, like the Seven Years' War) which gave energy to the events leading to revolution. (The role of tax systems as sparks to social action is a theme sorely neglected by historians.) And he is severe with people who turn specific issues into far-reaching generalization; for example, Burke who, in an orgy of disproportion, warned that the election of Parliament every three years instead of every seven would see "society dissolved, industry interrupted, ruined . . . morals vitiated and gangrened in the vitals."

In Mr. Palmer's view, the logic of the situation made revolution in France not only necessary, but necessarily violent. "Moderate revolution was eminently desirable, but it was not one of the possible choices." Historians can debate this view; but one need not agree with it to be impressed by the power of the author's presentation. His history is "tragic" history—and the reader is convinced that what happened *under the circumstances* had to happen that way. A conflict of groups, a breakdown of the "sense of community," these added up in the eighteenth century to a revolutionary situation. The real tragedy, to use the word in another sense, is that it need not have been that way: a feeling of compromise, of true conservatism, on the part of the upper orders might have made for reform and not revolution. But this, according to Mr. Palmer's account, is to suppose other actors and other events than the times provided.

Mr. Palmer's tragic view of history can be contrasted with the disdain held in some quarters for the notion of historical inevitability. Without attempting to settle the philosophical issue, I suggest what by now ought to be obvious, but is not: that the revolutionary situation of the twentieth century, though different from that of the eighteenth century, is no less revolutionary. To generalize from Mr. Palmer's ideas, we in the West (the old regime?) will not avoid these revolutions, which frequently may be adverse to us, if we merely fulminate against them and their leaders, support the conservative forces, and rely on the winning of men's minds. Unless we deal with the underlying realities, the logic of the situation, revolution may indeed be inevitable—and tragic. We cannot beg off from the task by plaintively asserting that our role can at best be small. That is true, in part. But as Mr. Palmer shows, the decisive fact in almost all the revolutions in the small countries of eighteenth-century Europe, as in the American Revolution, was the intervention, armed or otherwise, of the large powers.

The present volume, "The Challenge," is the first of a two-volume work, and carries the story to about 1791 and the outbreak of war. One wonders whether in the second volume, "The Struggle," Mr. Palmer will be more interested in the totalitarian implications of Rousseau's ideas, which he plays down in the present volume; whether he will be more concerned with the threat of democratic tyranny, a threat which may not have been merely an obsession of conservatives and counter-revolutionaries, but itself a part of the logic of the situation.

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Making It Hot

THE MAGIC CHRISTIAN. By Terry Southern. Random House. 148 pp. $3.

Nelson Algren

GUY GRAND, the last of the great spenders, spends ten millions a year indulging his special attitude toward people — one he expresses as "making it hot for them."

With some 180 millions in ready cash, he is endowed with an imagination equally ready. Entering the big-car field, he makes quite a splash with a convertible longer and wider than the largest Greyhound bus, one with a great "gang's-all-here" seat in the back capable of accommodating twelve varsity crewmen abreast in roomy comfort. Billing this monster as one with "lady-like lines on a he-man hunk of car," Grand neglects to mention that the ma-

NELSON ALGREN is the author of The Man with the Golden Arm *and* A Walk on the Wild Side.

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chine's turning-arc is greater than the distance between opposing buildings. Thus, when four of them are driven from display windows into midtown Manhattan at the rush hour, all four become wedged across intersections leading to Columbus Circle and derricks have to be brought up from the East River to unsnarl traffic. This venture costs Grand a pretty penny; but he does succeed in making it hot for them.

Shortly after this venture Grand gives a shock to British white hunters along the Congo, as well as to a couple of venerable American writers there on safari, by showing up for a hunting expedition with a 75 mm. howitzer. "A muzzle velocity of 12,000 f.p.s.," he boasts while patting the field piece affectionately, "she'll stop anything on this continent that moves." Marching at the head of his safari with his pith helmet obscuring his eyes, he pauses dramatically to announce, "cat in the bush!" and fires blindly. The recoil, hurling him forty feet backward in an unconscious heap, leaves Grand undaunted. "This baby packs a man-size recoil!" he announces and the safari continues, marked only by an occasional *boom*, with reverberations scattering game in all directions for miles. This expedition, needless to say, also cost Grand a pretty penny.

A HEAVYWEIGHT title fight billed as The Battle of The Century so interests Grand that he buys the boxing commission as well as both fighters' camps, his only condition being that the fight be conducted in a fashion sufficiently effeminate as to outrage everybody. But after the champion cries, "I can't *stand* it!" and lies in a sobbing tantrum on the canvas, striking his fists against the ring-floor, and the challenger's hand is raised in victory, the latter goes too far by eyeing the referee in a most questionable manner; it costs Grand, to clear himself of complicity, another pretty penny.

Other expensive ventures are Grand's publication of a newspaper of two million circulation containing nothing but readers' opinions; the introduction of a black panther at an international dog show; issuance of a portable Do-It-Yourself D. H. Lawrence; and — his final coup in making it hot for them — the launching of the luxury liner *Magic Christian*.

This is at once the most profoundly satiric and wildly comic account of our life and times in years. It is what Nathanael West might have accomplished had he remained undismayed. But Mr. Southern is going to have trouble being taken seriously: to do so would make him dangerous.

Second Impressions

Review of Paperbacks

Robert M. Wallace

India

The Discovery of India by Jawaharlal Nehru (Anchor, $1.45) is unavoidably sketchy in its survey of India's history but is compelling and useful as a statement of Mr. Nehru's understanding of India and its mission. It is largely an account of his formulation of opinions, attitudes and modes and bases of action during 1944 and 1945 while he was a political prisoner for his part in the "Quit India" Resolution of 1942. He wrote as from a *Zauberberg* with characteristic detachment, clarity and intensity. Japan was crumbling and the prospect of a free India was brightening. A year after he finished he was Premier of the Interim Government and, in 1947, Prime Minister of the independent nation he helped bring to birth.

Mr. Nehru is open-minded, generous, often tentative in his judgments but devoted like the Congress Party to "action based on peaceful methods." He holds the upper hand over himself and his material equally when he agrees or disagrees with Gandhi, when he explains Indian sympathy for the Soviet Union on the basis of British and French policy during the twenties, when he quietly devastates the British for their hollow promises of freedom. He can wait and act on principle. He rejects nothing out of hand. He is eclectic, borrowing not only from the Hindu and Islamic elements of Indian culture but from Western and specifically English science and technology. He concludes this exploration of himself and his country with quotations from Emerson and Lenin. Action by a contemplative man of so broad a background is likely to seem hesitant and indecisive to Westerners. *The Discovery of India* is valuable partly in disabusing readers of that notion or at least in qualifying it.

The editing by Robert I. Crane somewhat reduces specific details but skillfully preserves the original style and continuity.

Shakuntala and Other Writings by Kalidasa, translated by Arthur W. Ryder, preface by F. L. Anderson (Everyman, $1.25). The fifth-century play which in 1789 was Europe's introduction to Indian drama, plus shorter drama, lyric and narrative.

Eastern Religions and Western Thought by S. Radhakrishnan (Galaxy, $2.25). Past relations with suggestions

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Koré

As I was walking
I came upon
chance walking
the same road upon.

As I sat down
by chance to move
later
if and as I might,

light the wood was,
light and green,
and what I saw
before I had not seen.

It was a lady
accompanied
by goat men
leading her.

Her hair held earth.
Her eyes were dark.
A double flute
made her move.

"O love,
where are you
leading
me now?"

ROBERT CREELEY

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THERE are certain things wrong with *The Deadly Game,* a play by James Yaffe based on a novel by Friedrich Duerrenmatt (Longacre Theatre), but it is none the less a better than average Broadway show. These are loose terms: what I mean is that the play is not boring; that, in fact, as a melodrama it offers a touch of excitement and that it piques the mind a little.

In its own terms it lacks style both in writing and in production, and the central off-stage incident is rather banal. If, however, I feel impelled to dwell on the play longer than I usually would, it is because it provoked ancillary thoughts —which is perhaps also to be counted to the play's credit.

The theme is the guilt man feels today in our society. The moral, as the inculpated man screams in this play, is that there is no justice, only law. He is an American salesman who arrives by chance at a house in the Swiss Alps where a retired judge amuses his companions—themselves former jurists—by playing a game of mock trials challenging either legendary "defendants" (Judas Iscariot, St. Joan) or substantial ones when, as in this case, they find somebody willing to lend himself to the fun. The American believes himself wholly innocent of anything worse than infringing traffic laws or the peccadillo of adultery. He nonchalantly agrees to pass time as the "accused" in the old men's peculiar sport.

Very rapidly the prosecuting attorney proves that the salesman induced a fatal heart attack on his superior at the office so that he might take over the dead man's coveted job. Through greedy ambitiousness the salesman is a semi-conscious murderer—though the very notion fills him with horror. He runs from the "trial" in terror, for he (and the audi-

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ence) are not sure whether the people who tried him are madmen who actually mean to carry out the death sentence they pronounce.

The production is so flatly realistic (except for Claude Dauphin's slightly caricatured but delightfully humorous defense attorney and Wolfgang Roth's setting, which is in itself a handsomely designed room) that no relevant atmosphere is created. If there is a nerve-tingling ambiguity in the play, the production should convey it, but that it fails to do. Even so, the play itself ought to disturb us, in the way that Graham Greene's entertainments occasionally disturb. Its failure to be more upsetting is the weakness that intrigues me.

THE PLAY'S material, though superficially unusual, is basically stock. And though it is true that religion, psychoanalysis and latter-day sociology all emphasize the element of guilt in man as one of the prime motives in his behavior, one resists the idea when it is presented in terms that are not in themselves concretely, personally felt.

Differing in origin according to place and generation, the theme of man's sense of guilt exists in Hawthorne, Dostoevsky, Kafka—to mention only a few. Camus' *The Fall,* though dull as narrative, exerts a strong grip on many of us because it is a naked statement of this sentiment in contemporary middle-class vocabulary. A whole dramatic literature on the same theme has been developed in France since the war. But while most of these writers are truly imbued and oppressed with the feeling they dramatize, others employ it as a device.

The point is particularly worth making because it involves not only drama and art in general, but the whole pattern of our thinking today. At one time we were ashamed of wrongdoing, then we began to confess that our sins were signs of illness—"we are sick," we said—then we began to exonerate ourselves either on the grounds of social pressure or on the fact of psychological traumas suffered in childhood, and finally we have come almost to boast of our delinquencies—either because we say they are universal or on the assumption that our boldness in proclaiming them is a sign of extraordinary moral courage. It has come to pass that in many French plays and movies, for example, the hero has to be a scoundrel lest we mistake him for a hypocrite.

Duerrenmatt's earlier play, *The Visit,* was telling because the author found several striking theatrical images for the corruption he condemns in society. But even in that play one detects a certain facility, an artful glibness, as if its "tragic farcicality" caused no real anguish in its author or in anyone else. Universal guilt is the latest commonplace to which we give automatic consent for the purpose of high-grade discussion and advanced "art forms."

One can lie as much with "strong" drama as with the frivolous; pessimism can be as hollow as commercial optimism. In a play, as in any other work of presumed art, authentic statement is not achieved merely by just conclusions, but by the degree of genuine experience we sense in each moment or detail of the author's expression. The ends are embodied in the means; the immediate action is the clue to the eventual meaning.

ARCHITECTURE

Walter McQuade

LAFAYETTE PARK in downtown Detroit is a serene but startling city-renewal project. It is the antithesis of the dull housing monuments of our day, those flat pyramids, those massive clusters in which tall slabs have been sliced off the standard apartment house cheese, then grouped together to cast their shade on stretches of limpid lawn—undeviating examples of architectural logistics which lack the design grace of a saltine.

Instead, Lafayette Park—or Lafayette Plaisance, as it sometimes is murmured by the proprietors—is a combination, so far, of one simple but handsome verticle apartment house slab, in front of which a group of 185 row houses and court houses are arranged subtly in twenty-one separate horizontal structures. The slab is twenty-two stories high; most of the row units combine six or ten two-story houses, with three bedrooms each; the larger single-story houses, also connected in rows, have two, three or four bedrooms, and walled-in backyards in courts. The apartments rent but the houses are sold as co-ops, for $1,035 to $1,690 cash down, plus monthly amortization-taxation charges from $174.52 for a three-bedroom two-story court house, up to $284.73 for a four-bedroom single-story court house, including heat, electricity, maintenance, parking space and services. (Another payment plan takes a larger initial chunk, with smaller monthly charges.) This is the kind of combined house and apartment project which has long been urged by sociologists, planners and architects for redevelopment areas; it is an urban village which begins to match the suburbs in

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diverse types of housing and includes the stability of individual ownership. It has been difficult, however, to convince the real estate developers who dominate these enterprises that such a scheme could profit them as well as the city, even with Title One support.

Title One of the 1949 Housing Act, which may yet be a better architectural monument to the late Senator Taft than that scornful shaft of stone which stands accusingly on the lawn of the Capitol in Washington, provides that the federal government will help clear city slums by subsidizing land costs. This is necessary because in these days of costly construction land must be available at comparatively low prices to private redevelopers if they are to put up "middle-income" housing at a fair profit. As readers of New York newspapers and, more particularly, this magazine's October 31, 1959, issue, "The Shame of New York," will recall, the terms "middle income" and "fair profit" are sometimes both made of rubber, but one thing they are almost never stretched to cover is architectural quality. Nowhere has design been more dominated by dollars. Tall slabs mean more units, and this elementary equation does not encourage low buildings.

THE Detroit redevelopment, however, has never been locked into the conventional equation. This was not even the first good design made for the area. A scheme which had been proposed by architects Minoru Yamasaki, Oskar Stonorov and Victor Gruen several years earlier was widely admired in the profession for its mixture of building types, but it attracted no investor.

Then the late Herbert S. Greenwald, of Chicago, moved in with his partner, Samuel N. Katzin. With him he also brought architect Ludwig Mies van der Rohe, who had designed several buildings for Greenwald and Katzin, and who, in turn, brought along planner Ludwig Hilberseimer.

The gallery groaned, and with reason: Mies van der Rohe's early European fame rests partly on sketches for exquisite town houses, but his American reputation has been created in the building of tall, handsome towers — great, but not gregarious architecture, extra-urban, not suburban. Mies himself is also so aloof in personality, so remote from American homogenized conviviality, that dignified austerity seemed surely on its way to this site. This apprehension was not dispelled when Hilberseimer immediately designed the site plan as a superblock. Most alarming of all, the developer, Greenwald, had until then built only apartment houses. Many observers were certain that this site would get the technical real estate treatment after all, and become a forest of towers.

But it did not, although Herbert Greenwald was himself the victim of a cruel technical error. He died at forty-two when a prop-jet plunged into the East River a year ago. His death is the sadder because, I am convinced, the houses would have delighted him as much as anything Mies van der Rohe ever designed for him. Greenwald was a man of wit and imagination; he thought that living near a city, but not in it, was very dull; yet he liked living in a house, not an apartment. It is true that he was successful enough to earn himself a penthouse atop a Mies tower in Chicago (with his office in another penthouse, above the Loop), but Greenwald would also have recognized the buildings of Lafayette Park as his kind of abode.

For in a way they are penthouses on the ground, rows of very elegant, simple, glass-steel-and-brick shoebox-shaped structures that do not pretend to be country homes. But they certainly are not merely row apartments. For one thing, although they have no side windows, they are not dark at the core, as, for instance, are most of New York's expensively converted brownstones; the end walls are totally glass and have calmer views than most suburban picture windows. The interior details are handsome, with simple, beautifully proportioned rooms (although the kitchens lean a little too far toward apartment kitchens for my taste). Nor is their atmosphere dogmatic. I toured one court house that had a white vinyl floor, beautiful hand-loomed rugs, and elegant modern furniture; this treatment made the design properly vivid, but a row house nearby, furnished as an exhibit by a Detroit department store, was also very pleasant, its masculine architecture not confused by the feminine furnishings.

Not a little of their feeling of quality comes from the way these sets of houses are placed on the flat site (which is to be extended by a city-owned park that will certainly make this area prettier than most Detroit suburbs). The apartment tower stands aside, clear and tall in its parking space. The row houses don't just form in ranks, but are deployed in a pattern that creates interesting spaces among them and breaks the endlessness that depresses most row housing. And, wonder of wonders, the automobile has been dominated. Parking lots are kept fairly small, and are set lower than the houses; the cars sink into the general ground level. (The row houses have individual parking spaces, and they too are set low, like boat slips.)

Metropolitan Structures Inc., the young company which succeeded Greenwald as developer here, carried out the idea faithfully, and I hope they project it to many other cities. For walking through this project, I became convinced that it is a valid new architectural type, a true translation from theory, a *city* house which could keep many urban families from defecting reluctantly to the suburbs.

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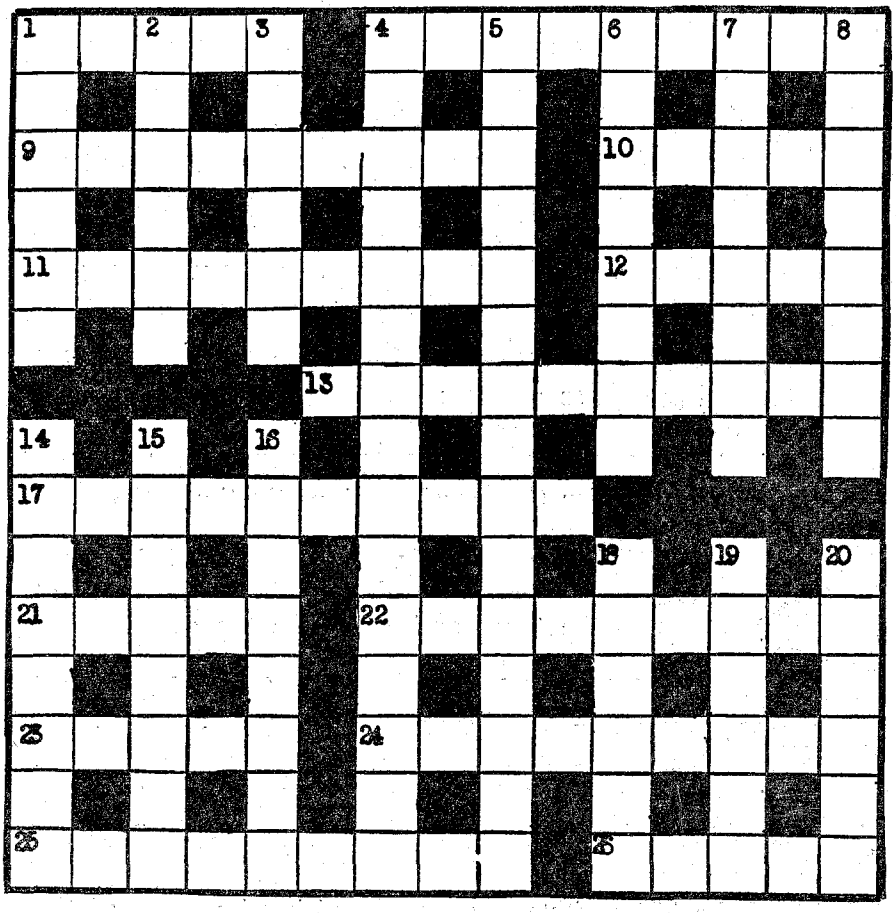
Crossword Puzzle No. 856

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 See 4 down
4 Is it really quite sour, or just as unusual color? (9)
9 The Picard explanation certainly doesn't imply a land boom. (4,5)
10 In the words of Excaliber? (5)
11 Later a political division placed relatively far back? (9)
12 Help a disguise, by the sound of it. (5)
13 Lately, this might be secretly considered. (10)
17 Sundered the marriage knot? (5,5)
21 Annoyance at the suggestion of a sly look? (5)
22 What Liberty does to the world? (9)
23 Leaning towards what Don Quixote had with his supposed giants? (5)
24 Was the last Inca a false clue placed in the way of the Devil? (9)
25 Was this the real struggle for 1 across? (6,3)
26 Recesses in perhaps established procedure. (5)

DOWN:

1 He tries to sell fruit—about 550, to be exact! (6)
2 It's not often found when the air is bad, try as you will to get around it. (6)
3 One way to tie up a dog, and look around. (6)
4 and 1 across Achilles' answer to a query as to when he first noticed his foot trouble? (3,4,4,1,3,5)
5 One who figures out what might be shot in the Colorado? (5,10)
6 Turns over the dessert, being rather fresh! (8)
7 Even pressure is nothing to a confused indian! (8)
8 Do away with drama? (The last part on board, or on the gridiron.) (3,5)
14 Edelweiss, or just where the cubes come from? (3,5)
15 As her host for dinner, you can expect some swell effects. (8)
16 With change for a dime, net results might be thoughtlessness, to say the least. (8)
18 Things to be done take time, and must be straightened out. (6)
19 Though presently held by some, they once held others. (6)
20 Am gone with one sign of our country, relatively speaking. (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 855

ACROSS: 1 Chain reaction; 9 Armed; 10 Gerundive; 11 Nestled; 12 Pungent; 13 Loins; 14 Backstage; 16 Sinecures; 18 Rhomb; 19 Alabama; 21 Subtend; 22 Decadence; 23 Iraqi; 24 A hair of the dog. DOWN: 1 Channel Islands; 2 Admission; 3 Nodules; 4 Egged; 5 Carapaces; 6 Innings; 7 Noise; 8 Feather-bedding; 14 Bargainer; 15 Aforesaid; 17 Chaldea; 18 Rubbish; 20 Accra; 21 Shelf.

PUBLICATIONS

In The THIRD ISSUE

AWARD OF THE BLUE TOAD to Norman Cousins for putting out a boring, stupid magazine.

A parody of Diana Trilling's ridiculous article on the Beats recently printed in the *Partisan Review*.

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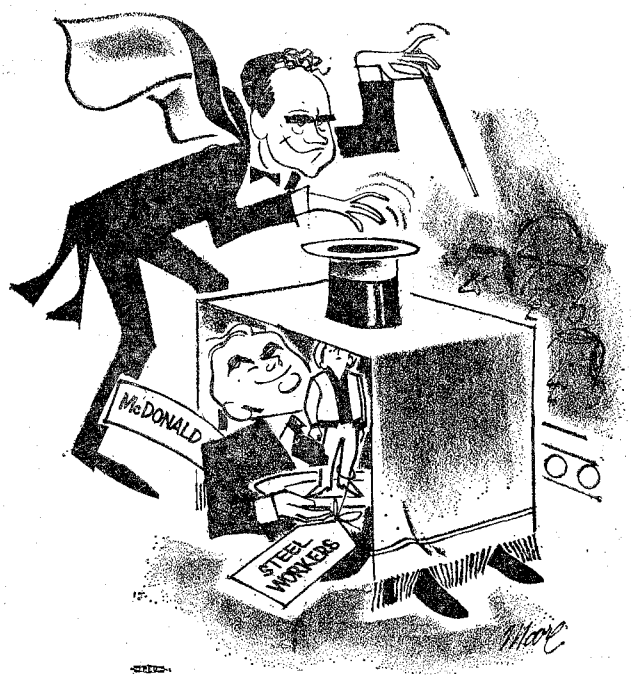

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